

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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WILLING TO DIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ROSE AND THE KEY."

CHAPTER LIII. ONE MORE CHANCE.

SIR HARRY came home, and met me more affectionately and kindly than ever. I soon perceived that there was something of more than usual gravity under discussion between him and Mr. Blount. I knew, of course, very well what was the question they were debating.

I was very uncomfortable while this matter was being discussed; Mr. Blount seemed nervous and uneasy; and it was plain that the decision was not only suspended but uncertain. I don't suppose there was a more perturbed little family in all England at that moment over whom, at the same time, there hung apparently no cloud of disaster.

At last I could perceive that something was settled; for the discussions between Mr. Blount and Sir Harry seemed to have lost the character of debate and remonstrance, and to have become more like a gloomy confidence and consultation between them. I can only speak of what I may call the external appearance of these conversations, for I was not permitted to hear one word of their substance.

In a little while Sir Harry went away again.

This time his journey, I afterwards learned, was to one of the quietest little towns in North Wales, where his chaise drew up at the Bull Inn.

The tall northern baronet got out of the chaise, and strode to the bar of that rural hostelry.

"Is there a gentleman named Marston staying here?" he asked of the plump

elderly lady who sat within the bow-window of the bar.

"Yes, sir, Mr. Marston, Number Seven, up one pair of stairs."

"Up-stairs now?" asked Sir Harry.

"He'll be gone out to take his walk, sir, by this time," answered the lady.

"Can I talk to you for a few minutes, anywhere, madam, in private?" asked Sir Harry.

The old lady looked at him, a little surprised.

"Yes, sir," she said. "Is it anything very particular, please?"

"Yes, ma'am, very particular," answered the baronet.

She called to her handmaid, and installed her quickly in her seat, and so led the baronet to an unoccupied room on the ground floor. Sir Harry closed the door and told her who he was. The landlady recognised his baronetage with a little courtesy.

"I'm a relation of Mr. Marston, and I have come down here to make an inquiry; I want to know whether he has been leading an orderly, quiet life since he came to your house."

"No one more so, please, sir; a very nice regular gentleman, and goes to church every Sunday he's been here, and that is true. We have no complaint to make of him, please, sir, and he has paid his bill twice since he came."

The woman looked honest, with frank, round eyes.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Sir Harry; "that will do."

An hour later it was twilight, and Mr. Marston, on entering his sitting-room after his walk, saw the baronet, who got up from his chair before the fire as he came in.

The young man instantly took off his

hat, and stood near the door, the very image of humility. Sir Harry did not advance, or offer him his hand; he gave him a nod. Nothing could be colder than this reception.

"So, Richard, you have returned to England, as you have done most other things, without consulting me," said the cold deep voice of Sir Harry.

"I've acted rashly, sir, I fear. I acted on an impulse. I could not resist it. It was only twelve hours before the ship left New York when the thought struck me I ought to have waited. I ought to have thought it over. It seemed to me my only chance, and I'm afraid it has but sunk me lower in your esteem."

"It is clear you should have asked my leave first, all things considered," said Sir Harry, in the same tone.

The young man bowed his head.

"I see that very clearly now, sir; but I have been so miserable under your displeasure, and I do not always see things as my calmer reason would view them. I thought of nothing but my chance of obtaining your forgiveness, and, at so great a distance, I despaired."

"So it was to please me you set my authority at naught? By Jen! that's logic."

Sir Harry spoke this with a scornful and angry smile.

"I am the only near kinsman you have left, sir, of your blood and name."

"My name, sir!" challenged Sir Harry, fiercely.

"My second name is Rokestone—called after you," pleaded Mr. Marston.

"By my sang, young man, if you and I had borne the same name, I'd have got the Queen's letter, and changed mine to Smith."

To this the young gentleman made no reply. His uncle broke the silence that followed.

"We'll talk at present, if you please, as little as need be; there's nothing pleasant to say between us. But I'll give you a chance; I'll see if you are a changed man, as your letter says. I'll try what work is in you, or what good. You said you'd like farming. Well, we'll see what sort of farmer you'll make. You'll do well to remember 'tis but a trial. In two or three days Mr. Blount will give you particulars by letter. Good evening. Don't come down; stay here. I'll go alone. Say no more; I'll have no thanks or professions. Your conduct, steadiness, integrity, shall guide me. That's all. Farewell."

Mr. Marston, during this colloquy, had gradually advanced a little, and now stood near the window. Sir Harry accompanied his farewell with a short nod, and stalked down the stairs. Mr. Marston knew he meant what he said, and therefore did not attempt to accompany him down-stairs. And so, with a fresh pair of horses, Sir Harry immediately started on his homeward journey.

I, who knew at the time nothing of what I afterwards learned, was still in a suspense which nobody suspected. It was ended one evening by Sir Harry Rokestone, who said:

"To-morrow my nephew, Richard Marston, will be here to stay, I have not yet determined for how long. He is a dull young man. You'll not like him; he has not a word to throw at a dog."

So, whatever his description was worth, his announcement was conclusive, and Richard Marston was to become an inmate of Dorraclough next day.

I find my diary says, under date of the next day:

"I have been looking forward, with a trepidation I can hardly account for, to the arrival which Sir Harry announced yesterday. The event of the day occurred at three o'clock. I was thinking of going out for a walk, and had my hat and jacket on, and was standing in the hall. I wished to postpone, as long as I could, the meeting with Mr. Marston, which I dreaded. At that critical moment his double knock at the hall-door, and the distant peal of our rather deep-mouthed bell, startled me. I guessed it was he, and turned to run up to my room, but met Sir Harry, who said, laying his hand gently on my shoulder:

"Wait, dear; this is my nephew. I saw him from the window. I want to introduce him."

"Of course I had to submit. The door was opened. There he was, the veritable Mr. Marston, of Malory, the hero of the Conway Castle, of the duel, and likewise of so many evil stories—the man who had once talked so romantically and so madly to me.

"I felt myself growing pale, and then blushing. Sir Harry received him coldly enough, and introduced me, simply mentioning my name and his; and then I ran down the steps, with two of the dogs as my companions, while the servants were getting in Mr. Marston's luggage.

"I met him again at dinner. He is very

little changed, except that he is much more sun-burnt. He has got a look, too, of command and melancholy. I am sure he has suffered, and suffering, they say, makes people better. He talked very little during dinner, and rather justified Sir Harry's description. Sir Harry talked about the farm he intends for him; they are to look at it to-morrow together. Mr. Blount seems to have got a load off his mind.

"The farm is not so far away as I had imagined. It is only at the other side of the lake, about five hundred acres at Clusted, which came to Sir Harry, Mr. Blount says, through the Mardykes family. I wonder whether there is a house upon it; if so, he will probably live at the other side of the lake, and his arrival will have made very little difference to us. So much the better, perhaps.

"I saw him and Sir Harry, at about eight o'clock this morning, set out together in the big boat, with two men, to cross the lake.

"Farming is, I believe, a very absorbing pursuit. He won't feel his solitude much, and Mr. Blount says he will have to go to fairs and markets. It is altogether a grazing farm."

The reader will perceive that I am still quoting my diary.

"To-day old Miss Goulding, of Wrybiggins, the old lady whom the gossips of Golden Friars once assigned to Sir Harry as a wife, called with a niece who is with her on a visit; so I suppose they had heard of Mr. Marston's arrival, and came to see what kind of person he is. I'm rather glad they were disappointed. I ordered luncheon for them, and I saw them look toward the door every time it opened, expecting, I am sure, to see Mr. Marston. I maliciously postponed telling them, until the very last moment, that he was at the other side of the mere, as they call the lake, although I suffered for my cruelty, for they dawdled on here almost interminably.

"Sir Harry and Mr. Marston did not return till tea-time, when it was quite dark; they had dined at a farm-house at the other side.

"Sir Harry seems, I think, a little more friendly with him. They talked, it is true, of nothing but farming and live stock, and Mr. Blount joined. I took, therefore, in solitude, to my piano, and, when I was tired of that, to my novel.

"A very dull evening, the dullest, I think, I've passed since we came to

Dorracleugh. I dare say Mr. Marston will make a very good farmer. I hope very much there may be a suitable residence found for him at the other side of the lake."

Next day my diary contains the following entry:

"Mr. Marston off again at eight o'clock to his farm. Mr. Blount and I took a sail to-day, with Sir Harry's leave, in the small boat. He tells me that there is no necessity for Mr. Marston's going every day to the farm; that Sir Harry has promised him a third of whatever the farm, under his management, makes. He seems very anxious to please Sir Harry. I can't conceive what can have made me so nervous about the arrival of this very humdrum squire, whose sole object appears to be the prosperity of his colony of cows and sheep.

"Sunday.—Of course to-day he has taken a holiday, but he has not given us the benefit of it. He chose to walk all day, instead of going to church with us to Golden Friars. It is not far from Haworth. So he prefers a march of four and twenty miles to the fatigue of our society!"

On the Tuesday following I find, by the same record, Sir Harry went to visit his estate of Tarlton, about forty miles from Golden Friars, to remain away for three or four days.

That day, I find also, Mr. Marston was, as usual, at his farm at Clusted, and did not come home till about nine o'clock.

I went to my room immediately after his arrival, so that he had an uninterrupted tête-à-tête with Mr. Blount.

Next day he went away at his usual early hour, and returned not so late. I made an excuse of having some letters to write, and left the two gentlemen to themselves a good deal earlier than the night before.

"Mr. Marston certainly is very little in my way; I have not spoken twenty words to him since his arrival. I begin to think him extremely impertinent."

The foregoing is a very brief note of the day, considering how diffuse and particular I often was when we were more alone. I make up for it on the following day. The text runs thus:

"Mr. Marston has come off his high horse, and broken silence at last. It was blowing furiously in the morning, and I suppose, however melancholy he may be, he has no intention of drowning himself. At all events there has been no crossing the mere this morning.

"He has appeared, for the first time since his arrival, at breakfast. Sir Harry's absence seems to have removed a great constraint. He talked very agreeably, and seemed totally to have forgotten the subject of farming; he told us a great deal of his semi-military life in Spain, which was very amusing. I know he made me laugh heartily. Old Mr. Blount laughed also. Our breakfast was a very pleasant meal. Mr. Blount was himself in Spain for more than a year when he was young, and got up and gave us a representation of his host, an eccentric fan-maker, walking with his toes pointed and his chest thrown out, and speaking sonorous Spanish with pompous gesture. I had no idea he had so much fun in him. The good-natured old man seemed quite elated at our applause and very real laughter.

"Mr. Marston suddenly looked across the lake, and recollected his farm.

"How suddenly that storm went down," he said. 'I can't say I'm glad of it, for I suppose I must make my usual trip, and visit my four-footed friends over the way.'

"No," said Mr. Blount; 'let them shift for themselves to-day; I'll take it on myself. There's no necessity for you going every day as you do.'

"But how will it be received by the authorities? Will my uncle think it an omission? I should not like him to suppose that, under any temptation, I had forgotten my understanding with him.'

"He glanced at me. Whether he thought me the temptation, or only wished to include me in the question, I don't know.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Blount; 'stay at home for this once; I'll explain it all; and we can go out and have a sail, if the day continues as fine as it promises.'

"Mr. Marston hesitated; he looked at me as if for an opinion, but I said nothing.

"Well," he said, 'I can't resist; I'll take your advice, Mr. Blount, and make this a holiday.'

"I think Mr. Marston very much improved in some respects. His manners and conversation are not less spirited, but gentler; and he is so very agreeable. I think he has lead an unhappy life, and no doubt was often very much in the wrong. But I have remarked that we condemn people not in proportion to their moral guilt, but in proportion to the inconvenience their faults inflict on us. I wonder very much what those stories were which caused Mr. Carmel and Laura Gray to speak of him so bitterly and sternly. They were both

so good that things which other people would have thought lightly enough of would seem to them enormous. I dare say it is all about debt, or very likely play; and people who have possibly lost money by his extravagance have been exaggerating matters, and telling stories their own way. He seems very much sobered now, at all events. One can't help pitying him.

"He went down to the jetty before luncheon. I found afterwards that it was to get cloaks and rugs arranged for me.

"He lunched with us, and we were all very talkative. He certainly will prevent our all falling asleep in this drowsy place. We had such a pleasant sail. I gave him the tiller; but his duties as helmsman did not prevent his talking. We could hear one another very well, in spite of the breeze, which was rather more than Sir Harry would have quite approved of.

"Mr. Marston had many opportunities to-day of talking to me without any risk of being overheard. He did not, however, say a single word in his old vein. I am very glad of this; it would be provoking to lose his conversation, which is amusing, and, I confess, a great resource in this solitude.

"He is always on the watch to find if I want anything, and gets or does it instantly. I wish his farm was at this side of the lake. I dare say when Sir Harry comes back we shall see as little as ever of him. It will end by his being drowned in that dangerous lake. It seems odd that Sir Harry, who is so tender of my life and Mr. Blount's, should have apparently no feeling whatever about his. But it is their affair. I'm not likely to be consulted; so I need not trouble my head about it.

"I write in my room, the day now over, and dear old Rebecca Torkill is fussing about from table to wardrobe, and from wardrobe to drawers, pottering, and fidgeting, and whispering to herself. She has just told me that Mrs. Shackleton, the housekeeper here at Dorracleugh, talked to her a good deal this evening about Mr. Marston. She gives a very good account of him. When he went to school, and to Oxford, she saw him only at intervals, but he was a manly, good-natured boy she said, 'and never, that she knew, any harm in him, only a bit wild, like other young men at such places.' I write, as nearly as I can, Rebecca's words.

"The subject of the quarrel with Sir Harry Rokestone, Mrs. Shackleton says, was simply that Mr. Marston positively

refused to marry some one whom his uncle had selected for a niece-in-law. That is exactly the kind of disobedience that old people are sometimes most severe upon. She told Rebecca to be very careful not to say a word of it to the other servants, as it was a great secret.

"After all there may be two sides to this case, as to others, and Mr. Marston's chief mutiny may have been of that kind which writers of romance and tragedy elevate into heroism.

"He certainly is very much improved."

Here my diary for that day left Mr. Marston, and turned to half a dozen trifles, treated, I must admit, with much comparative brevity.

A DAY IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

LAST night, just twelve hours ago, I was on this same Thames Embankment, and on this same spot, with the large luminous eye of the Clock Tower watching me as I stood staring, through the blind blue fog, at the black lumps of coal barges stealing along under the arches of Waterloo Bridge, and at the Southwark streets gradually melting away into the cold and thickening darkness; and now, what a change! Here I am, bold and blithe, dashing along, in a gallant hansom, rattling away at any number of miles an hour, and the yellow wheels revolving at such a rate that, to a passer-by, they must seem like two solid yellow circles. It is a bright, crisp, frosty morning, and the horse's hoofs ring out and make pleasant music on the hard macadam. The luminous orange eye of last night has grown white and opaque, and I no longer feel like a lurking criminal, with a policeman's lantern turned steadily on me.

And yet ought I not to be ashamed of myself, to be so brisk and cheerful, when I am on my way to a house of suffering—a place of wretchedness—where men and women are this very moment dying, where suffering of every kind is groaning out prayers for release, and where surgeons are grinding dreadful-looking knives of strange unearthly shapes to prune and pare bodies, hoping by such tribute to Death to save the residue a little longer? Luckily for us, man is often able to cast behind him painful thoughts, and, full of the pleasure of mere living, I keep before my mind this morning only pleasant thoughts of the ceaseless good wrought by such beneficent charities as I am about to visit; I choose

to see only crowds of parents restored to their children, and wives restored to their husbands, and ignore, for the present at least, curtained beds, dying people over whom doctors shake their heads, the dead-house, and the dismal funeral procession. It is hard enough to look on the bright side of some London scenes; here at least the bright side was obvious enough.

That angels stand sentry at such gates as those I now enter, I for one believe, and that Love, Charity, Mercy, and Self-denial are those angels' names, I most undoubtedly hold, although those white-winged spirits who ceaselessly ascend to heaven with prayers from such places, to descend with blessings, were, I confess, not visible to the eye as I paid my cabman at the south-east entrance of St. Thomas's Hospital.

I was to meet that clever and enthusiastic student friend of mine, Frank Forcep, at ten, and the clock in the hall wanted three black spots to that hour as I asked for him at the porter's glass room to the left, tapping at a window studded with students' letters, as a tavern's is with commercial travellers' correspondence. Forcep prides himself on being of chronometrical exactness; I am therefore not surprised to hear that he had arrived five minutes before, and had gone up into the Victoria Ward to see a special case. The porter affably expects that he will soon be down; and there is something in the porter's manner that implies he has already set down Forcep in his mental note-book as a steady, hard-working student, with no nonsense about him, and safe to rise high in his profession. I become a blind believer in Forcep's punctuality, and in very truth, just as I have read through an announcement of a foot-ball meeting—St. Thomas's versus St. George's—which will no doubt provide several interesting cases of broken legs for zealous students, I hear smart, quick steps across the hall, and enter Forcep on the scene. He wears the intent look of a man who has been observing, and has the manner of one still partly absorbed in deep thoughts and new combinations. He greets me with frank welcome, and passes at once to business.

"We'll go first," he said, "into the Elizabeth Ward, as I have one or two cases there I should like you to see. This way. Isn't it a glorious building?"

"Rather expensive I have heard." This was suggested with that slight fondness for detraction common to even the most exalted human nature.

"Expensive!" replied Forcep, almost contemptuously. "Of course it was, because it is built in proper accordance with sanitary laws, and on the block system, with ample room for ventilation. But the gardens between each block, please remember, can all be used for building on, if necessary, at future times. Expensive! Why, man, it is a series of palaces," and he gave me so severe a look, that I felt I was on dangerous ground. To deprecate his hostility I praised the site of St. Thomas's, but again "put my foot in it" by inquiring if the river fog did not sometimes spread up rather cold through the hospital.

"Cold?" said Forcep, exercising me severely with his cold grey magical eye. "You should see the convalescents in summer sitting out on the terraces, enjoying the boats passing and the view of the palace."

I adroitly turned the conversation, which was becoming embarrassing, by inquiring when the doctor and students would begin their day's round.

"We shall catch them up in the next ward, where there are half a dozen new cases, which you will see. Interesting case of jaundice—rheumatic fever in several stages. Oh, you'll see, you'll see," and Forcep smiled in benign condescension on my ignorance. "This is the Elizabeth Ward we are entering now. All children—very young children. This is my favourite ward."

And well it might be. It was a long wide room, fit for the corridor of a palace, with little iron bedsteads ranged along each side, twenty-eight in all. There was a pleasant chirping murmur in it, like the sound of birds in an aviary, or in a breezy wood in spring. Pretty little faces peered over the bed-clothes, pretty little heads lay on the pillows, and here and there a curly-haired little darling lay asleep, with a scarlet-jacketed doll clutched firm in his right hand. Here and there, too—and this was the dark side of the picture—you saw a pale, pinched face and sunken eyes, watching with languid anxiety Forcep, who might perhaps be the gentleman who used that dreadful probe yesterday. But I will say this for Forcep, that for the most part, the children's eyes brightened into smiles as he passed, patting here a pale cheek, or shaking there a little dimply hand.

Here, too, at last, I may as well mention that I came upon the angels I had missed at the gate; they had divested themselves, however, of wings, no halo was around their

brows but the halo of love and kindness, but there they were, visible to mortal eyes—Faith, Hope, and Charity, three sisters, dressed in plain black, and unostentatiously intent on their good and blessed work. Faith was writing a letter home, Hope was sitting on a child's bed encouraging it to eat some jelly, and Charity was binding up a wound in accordance with the directions of one of the head nurses of the ward.

We passed a bed where a little child in a red frock lay asleep with all the birds and beasts of a small Noah's ark poured out upon the bed-clothes, and came to a dark-eyed little girl, who gave a piteous cry when Forcep tenderly put back the clothes from her chest to examine an abscess in her arm. Tenderly as a mother Forcep reassured the poor child, and refitted the dressings.

"I shan't give you any pain to-day, dear. Poor little thing," he said, as we passed on, "only eight, and she has been here three times. Her father is in prison, and her mother has run away. There is a beginning of life! She little thinks how much happier this is than home. Poor thing! perhaps she may never return there. I hardly know!"

"It has sometimes struck me," I said, "when I see all this comfort, and almost luxury at hospitals, whether an equally kind but somewhat rougher system might not be better for the poor patients. The change for those not finally healed must be great, and in some cases injurious. Excellent food, wine, wholesome lodging, pure air—all these things to go in a moment, and the bitter old life to come back."

Forcep, who was rubbing a strange-shaped, wicked-looking knife with a piece of wash-leather, here turned on me so abruptly and viciously, that I felt relieved when he returned the weapon to his Housewife's Companion.

"Bah!" he said; "so perhaps you'd keep an Irishman's skull fractured because the day he goes out he may get it cracked again? It is these lifts of food and comfort, I tell you, that pull many a child through. We tide them over; that is our object here—to tide them over."

I replied mechanically, "Oh, tide them over!" And Forcep considered me logically hors de combat.

"And how are you, you young rascal?" This was addressed to a sturdy urchin, who, having laid down his crutch, was scrambling over the polished wooden floor after a red and blue woollen ball, and who looked up with roguish eyes, that spoke for them-

selves, at the kind questioner. Other children we saw talking from bed to bed with all the gravity and savoir faire of little fairy people, exchanging, no doubt, inquiries about dolls and Noah's arks, and picture-books, and what they should have for dinner. It is suffering, I fear, that has given some of them that weird gravity which is so touching to observe, for suffering brings a wisdom of its own, and sorrow ages fast.

"You observe," cried Forcep, with a look as much as to say I don't believe you will unless I show you, for he had not quite got over my last cruel proposition, "you observe that we put pictures everywhere on the wall; and where a child's bed is for any reason shut in, we cover the screen with pictures to employ his attention, and amuse him. We try and forget nothing."

And from all this the poor child has to go back, perhaps, I thought, to a room with seven persons in it; with a family taking their meals on a coffin; the father drunk in the corner, and a step-mother beating the children. Again a warning against luxury rose in my mind, but I looked at Forcep and suppressed it.

We were just entering another ward when Forcep, in his quick, decisive, surgical way, turned on me sharp, and said, abruptly:

"Would you like to see Jones's nose. It is worth seeing. Jones is famous at this sort of thing."

Famous at noses? How famous at noses? Who is Jones? But I did not dare ask, having already lowered myself considerably in Forcep's eyes by frank confessions of ignorance, and contradictory ignorance too. Moreover, I had often observed that men dreadfully in earnest do not like joking. So I meekly said that I would like to see Jones's nose very much indeed. Forcep, however, had not waited for my surrender, for, stepping back into the child's ward, he had already asked a student to send a nurse round for Mr. Jones's nose. Would it come in a box, I reflected, or would Mr. Jones himself bring it?

The solution soon arrived, for presently we stepped into a small room, where we found an ugly stunted girl of about thirteen, standing by the fire busy at work sewing a check apron.

"Here is Jones's nose, and isn't it splendid?" said Forcep, with professional triumph smiling all over his face.

The girl's nose and Jones's nose were

identical, I presently found. It had been skilfully manufactured from a flap of skin brought down from the patient's forehead, and thrown over a light gutta-percha frame. It was of the Roman type, slightly wanting in symmetry, somewhat pasty and bloodless-looking, and not quite finished, but still, as noses go, not by any means to be despised. The grafted flesh was growing, the result was a success.

"I will prove to you that sensation is established, and that Jones has made a hit. Shut your eyes." (This to the patient.) "Now where do I touch your nose?"

Jones had evidently made a hit of the nose, for where Forcep touched a place, the girl instantly marked it with her finger.

"She's as proud as a peacock of that nose," said Forcep, "and the first day she came to chapel with it you should just have seen her."

"The only fault I find with the nose," said I, "is that there is a certain fixity and incongruity about it, as of a shy person among strangers."

"Just you have your nose blown off by accident," replied Forcep, scathingly, "and you'll be less critical. Fixity, indeed; it's no joke getting a nose fitted on at all. We go in for use, not beauty; and it will not be half a bad nose either by the time Jones has put the finishing touch. Taliacotius himself would be astonished to see what Jones does with noses."

"But suppose," I timidly suggested, "the nose doesn't grow while the rest of the body does; there will be a reductio ad absurdum. How about that?"

"Grow?" thundered Forcep, searching both his waistcoat pockets as if for lethal weapons; "don't tell me; Jones's noses are bound to grow. I should like to see Jones's noses not growing. Why, I believe that fellow could make two legs for a man quite as good as yours."

I eyed both my legs, and felt hurt at the observation, but, like the young Spartan, I concealed my feelings.

We now entered a ward where an intelligent, amiable doctor, followed by a train of pupils, was examining newly-arrived patients. As the doctor, sitting on the bed, or standing over the patient, questioned him closely as to his complaint, the patient's answers were taken down by one of the students deputed for the purpose, the rest of the young men grouping round, or sitting on the adjoining beds, some anxious, some careless, others with a martyred air, going through their inevit-

able routine as if they had already digested all known knowledge, and had made up their minds not to swallow a spoonful more.

Our first patient was a feeble old man, whose face and hands were a rich Indian yellow. He sat up in bed, and with a feeble voice related his symptoms. He had turned yellow in a single night, he said. The doctor was most patient and kind in his examination. The student taking notes, had written down about a page, when the old man going back a week or two earlier, the doctor, with a half-droll look of impatience, said to his note-taker:

"Now he talks of six weeks ago. Begin it all again. Write six weeks ago he felt pains."

Accustomed to hear of the rapidity of hospital practice, and the hurry to push out one batch, and to receive another, I was astonished to see how carefully the doctor performed his examinations, and how anxiously he listened and questioned till he felt sure of the exact nature of the disease. After tapping our yellow old man's back all over, he came at last to a dull patch on the right side, just over the hip, where the evil lay, and this he at once pointed out to the pupils.

Our next case was a great robust fellow, who looked like an hotel porter, and whose case seemed to baffle the medical man. There was no injury, no visible injury, yet the man seemed nervous and apprehensive.

"Why did you give that peculiar look when I approached?" said the doctor.

"Something wrong here," whispered Forcep, touching his forehead.

Again the doctor tapped and listened, with slow and patient care, but with no result. The man said he felt strangely giddy; seemed to fear his heart or his head. The doctor then touched the soles of his feet for some occult reason connected with the spinal chord.

It posed him.

"I should try shower-baths," whispered Forcep, as the student taking notes looked up, wondering when the questions and answers would come to an end.

The next patient was a young fellow of, say, eighteen, who looked like a costermonger, and who lay pale and almost lifeless in the state of collapse following great bodily agony. A great rough tuft of black hair spread over his bloodless forehead. His eyes were sunken and without light.

"Rheumatic fever—second attack," said Forcep, answering my look. "Very bad—near done if he don't rally soon—very near."

Poor fellow. Number Twenty-four, as the number over his bed named him, was too feeble to make any audible answer, though his gestures implied yes or no. This time the doctor was even more careful than before, listening with painful attention to his heart, and timing the pulse.

"Always danger of the heart in bad rheumatic fever," said Forcep; "leaves valves of the heart weakened. Confounded ticklish job."

Over every bed the relentless Forcep, who took care that my attention never wavered, bade me remark there was a ticket with the number and name of the patient, and a note of the medicine and diet which had been prescribed for him. Leaving the clinical lecturer and his little retinue of disciples, I now visited another ward with Forcep, who wanted me to help him as dresser. Just as we got to the table in the centre of the room, and had arranged the oiled silk, tow, and other requisites, Forcep turned upon me sharp as a terrier on a rat, and said:

"You would like to see some operations on the eyes? They are just beginning now in the eye ward."

I turned rather pale at this suggestion, and replied that I was much obliged, but did not think, that however eager I was for knowledge, that just then I could stand it.

Forcep gave a half-grunt and half-groan, and turned to his work with grim and quiet earnestness.

"You can come round with me then here," he said, "and make yourself useful, my boy, with the bandages and dressings."

And so I did. On what I saw I will not dilate. Sufficient to say that I did not gain much by avoiding the eye ward. Still it was very touching to see how gratefully the languid eyes turned towards Forcep, as, with touch of velvet, he did his work of mercy, stern and steely only when he was compelled to be so, and cheering many a worn heart by assurances of speedy convalescence.

"This is the time," said he, looking fiercely at his watch, "for seeing the out-patients. Come along. Nurse, mind Number Eighteen has her medicine regularly every three hours, and I shall look in again towards evening."

I was looking, as he said this, at a terrible aspect of death. Between the curtains of a closed bed opposite the stove where we were standing, I caught a glimpse of a dying man in the agonies of dissolution. A nurse was fanning him, another was

moistening his poor fevered hands. A few minutes more, the curtains would be closed, and all that terror would be over.

"Cancer," whispered Forcep; "very near his end, poor fellow. Come, we must hurry, or we shall miss the out-patients."

In a room on the ground floor we came upon crowds of out-patients passing by threes and fours into an inner room where a student sat at a desk by the door, taking down the names and addresses of the new applicants. A doctor sat on one side of the room with a crowd of pupils round him, and the usual note-taker by his side. He was examining the injured knee of a young workman. The knee was puffy and swollen.

"You observe," said the doctor, "when I touch on the right side of the kneecap, there is an increase of pain. What is the patient suffering from?"

"Synovitis," said the note-taker, timidly.

"Exactly," said the doctor with a smile of approval, "not a doubt of it. The locality of the injury is indisputable. We shall therefore—"

After seeing several other patients examined, Forcep now proposed a visit to the dispensary. On our way to the dispensary we passed through the central hall, the only defect of which is the lowness of the roof. Some excellent busts of great doctors adorn the hall, and in a side room (a board-room, if I remember right), is the portrait of Fordyce, an eminent glutton and doctor of Johnson's time. A more typical gourmand I never saw, the face all jaw and chin. I could quite understand how this man could soak himself in port and brandy, and then go straight to the lecture-room and discourse with unquenched sense on the mysteries of his art. We entered the dispensary from one of the spacious corridors looking out on the gardens. It looked like a medical tavern. There was row after row of great glass jars, each with its tap and pan below to catch the drippings. Quinine by the hog's-head, senna by the vatful, and all the fittings of the place as beautifully clean and neat as a Dutch dairy. The assistants, neat and careful, and quietly busy, were driving a lively trade in chloride of potash, calomel, and preparations of steel. As for pills, they were rolling about by thousands, and the spatulas and pestles were triturating and pounding busily. At several windows out-patients were handing in and receiving bottles, packages, and pill-boxes, with a quiet, quick, business-like order most commendable.

"You see," said Forcep, with serene approval, "how we do the thing."

"I have heard," I remarked, in the blandest of voices, plucking up my courage, "that the French system of out-patients is considered better than ours. Poor women in London complain that they necessarily lose half a day's work coming here from distant streets, and waiting for their turn. In Paris the city is divided into districts by the charity administration, which is centralised all in one; and the out-patients are allowed to call in any one of certain local doctors appointed by the Bureau de Charité. This is quicker than the system here."

"All moonshine," said Forcep, rousing again to the attack. "People here know their time, and don't lose an hour. There are some persons who fancy everything French must be best. Don't you be humbugged, my boy. Couldn't be better than it is here. You shall come now and see our kitchens."

We went down several corridors, till we came to the kitchens. The modern kitchen is more like a manufactory or a laboratory than the kitchen of fifty years ago. Rows of stoves, and little visible fire; iron doors; small telescope lid-holes, over which pots and stew-pans simmer and bubble, and all in admirable order. By the side of the white-clad engineer (not the jolly red-faced cook of old times) stood a large black board, on which were chalked the hours for food required in the different wards. Only those who understand machinery, and know how much depends on a single wheel or handle, could believe that that placid, calm man in white was superintending the cooking for many hundreds of sick people.

And now the museum; Forcep was by no means going to let me shirk that. Useful as it is to science, the less I say about it here the better. Imagine endless jars of human pickles—such as adorned Doctor Faust's laboratory—skeletons of all normal and abnormal shapes, horrors in spirits, horrors in wax, horrors with vermilion veins, horrors dried and stuffed, and all winking at you with amiable and horrible welcome. If Adam could only have seen these evidences of what his children would have to suffer, how he would have wept over his luckless progeny!

As we left the museum and passed down a corridor, during which walk Forcep inflicted on me the telegraph system of communication through the building, by which any official connected with the hospital

could in a moment be communicated with, we suddenly came on a bell labelled "House Surgeon;" Forcep instantly rang it, and walked on. A minute afterwards a lusty voice shouted to him, and he ran back to inform the house surgeon that he had only rung to show a visitor the system. The house surgeon, who seemed to look on the matter as an excellent joke, gave a hearty laugh, and Forcep laughed, joining me with the air of a street boy who has effected a successful run-away knock.

"I will now show you the dissecting-room," said Forcep, in a manner too authoritative to be resisted; so off I went to a large room on the ground floor, where many students were calmly at work. Of what I saw there I must mention little. At one end of the place a grave, bearded man sat at a table, with a black board before him, on which he drew, surrounded by students, apparently jovially intent on an oyster lunch. Quaint, reckless fellows they were, some with Scotch caps, some bare-headed, several of them with their briar-root pipes in their mouths. The table was covered with glass bowls; in these bowls were—

"Demonstration of the brain," said Forcep; "the demonstrator is showing the origin of the optic nerve."

At the end of the room were two low folding doors. It was the entrance to the dead-house.

"We have," said Forcep, "a subterranean tram-road under the hospital to convey the bodies. And now I will introduce you to the secretary, and you will have seen everything, I think."

Away I was hurried, a patient victim, back to the entrance opposite Astley's. There, in a snug little room, surrounded by papers, sat the secretary, like a spider in the centre of a web, eyeing a dead leopard just sent him to stuff. There were drawings of the old Edward the Sixth hospital in the Borough on the walls, and here and there objects of vertu. The secretary, a brusque, shrewd, kindly, elderly man, was ready to answer any questions connected with the hospital to which he had devoted his life.

In 1862, he said, the old hospital was sold to the Charing Cross Company for two hundred and ninety-six thousand pounds—the hospital asked four hundred and seventy-eight thousand pounds. They purchased of the Board of Works eight acres and a half of river-side land (half reclaimed land) for ninety thousand pounds. After careful

inspection of the continental hospitals, the new building had been planned on the detached pavilion system, ranged along the Thames in one continuous corridor nine hundred feet long. This design increases the length of communication between the blocks, but renders the ventilation more free. The blocks are placed a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet apart, the central court being two hundred feet wide, so as to allow free air and sunlight. The total amount of accommodation provided is about six hundred beds.

Here, with a dangerous frankness (Forcep frowning horribly), I remarked that adverse report had described the new building as enormously expensive—I dared not say how many hundred pounds a bed—and that the increased accommodation above the old Southwark building was very trifling.

"Not very many beds more," said the secretary, calmly, "but we have power, by building over the gardens, at any time to almost double them; but perhaps you would like to hear the rest of my statement. Our wards are all one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, twenty-eight feet wide, and fifteen feet high, and have all lifts for patients and ventilating shafts. The wards have external balconies towards the river for convalescent patients in fine weather. Each patient is provided with eighteen hundred cubic feet of air. Any of the blocks can be at any time isolated by screens across the corridors, and stopping the adjacent windows. Each ward has a small separate ward with two beds for special cases, and in each passage is a sister's room, a ward kitchen, and a room for the medical officers' consultations."

I thanked the secretary from whose lips this information had blandly flowed, and asked if the percentage of cures was greater than in the old hospital. He did not exactly wince at this, but remarked that new hospitals were seldom so healthy as old ones. It was supposed that the decomposition of the hair used in the mortar was injurious, and the evil in time disappeared.

As I was standing at the Palace-road entrance, thanking Forcep for his kindness and attention, a fat man passed out.

"Friend of Brown's," said Forcep; "give him to seventy-six. Won't run beyond that. Too fat."

With this comfortable prediction I shook hands with Forcep, and parted. The sun was high when I entered St. Thomas's; it was low when I left.

Surely, thought I, as I walked thoughtfully home, if Heaven's vengeance can be averted from cities teeming with wickedness, it must be by such blessed works as are wrought hourly in that building I have just left, and by the ceaseless fountain of grateful prayers that must go up ceaselessly from its chambers; and I walked home thinking of hospital Sunday, and all the good that might thence ensue.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE INNOCENTS.

TAKE them away! Take them away!

Out of the gutter, the ooze and slime,

Where the little vermin paddle and crawl

Till they grow and ripen into crime.

Take them away from the jaws of Death,

And the coils of evil that swaddle them round,

And stifle their souls in every breath

They draw on the foul and fetid ground.

Take them away! away! away!

The bountiful Earth is wide and free,

The New shall repair the wrongs of the Old—

Take them away o'er the rolling sea!

Take them away! Take them away!

The boys from the gallows, the girls from worse;

They'll prove a blessing to other lands;

Here, if they linger they'll prove a curse;

The Law's despair—the State's reproach

From the mother's breast to the sheltering grave;

One in a thousand too many to hang,

Ten in a dozen too few to save!

Take them away! away! away!

Plant them anew upon wholesome soil,

Till their hearts grow fresh in the purer air,

And their hands grow hard with honest toil.

Take them away! Take them away!

To con the lesson they never knew,

And can never learn mid the reek and rot

Of the sweltering garbage where they grew;

The lesson that Work is the gift of Heaven—

A blessing to lighten all human ill,

And that the generous Earth affords

Work and Reward to all who will.

Take them away! away! away!

Out of the misery and the scorn,

Out of the guilt and the shame that track them,

Out of the Midnight into the Morn!

Take them away! Take them away!

The seeds are good while they are new,

And will grow in time into lordly trees

On the favouring soil, in the fattening dew.

Why should they perish beneath our feet,

Trodden to death by the hurrying crowd,

Or cast aside, as of no account,

By the rich, the careless, and the proud?

Take them away! away! away!

The bountiful Earth is wide and free,

The New shall repair the wrongs of the Old—

God be with them over the sea!

MORE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

THE professors of the university have always been the centre of the intellectual society of the Scottish metropolis; but more especially was this the case early in the century than now, when general refinement, learning, and education are confined to no particular class. Thirty or forty years

ago things were different. The brilliant men of the past, the Cullens, Gregorys, Monros, Dunbars, and others, were not dead, or had departed so recently that their fame was still green, while Hamilton, Hope, Jamieson, Allison, and John Wilson, the famous "Christopher North," were in the zenith of their reputation. Naturally the old physician, whose recollections of his contemporaries we have jotted down in a former article,* had many quaint anecdotes to relate regarding the famous professors or "extra-academical" teachers of the north, whom he had known during the long years of his life. A few of these reminiscences may not be without interest.

Perhaps the most eminent teacher of anatomy in Edinburgh, or in Britain, early in this century, was Doctor Robert Knox. He was a man abounding in anything but the milk of human kindness towards his professional brethren, and if people had cared in these days to go to law about libels, it is to be feared Knox would have been rarely out of a court of law. Personality and satirical allusions were ever at his tongue's end. After attracting immense classes, his career came very suddenly to a close. I need scarcely refer to the atrocious murders which two miscreants, named Burke and Hare, carried on for some time to supply the dissecting-rooms with "subjects." They were finally discovered, and one of them executed, the other turning king's evidence. Knox's name got mixed up with the case, being supposed to be privy to these murders, though many considered him innocent. The populace, however, were of a different opinion. Knox's house was mobbed, and though he braved it out, he never afterwards succeeded in regaining popular esteem. He was a splendid lecturer, and a man who, amid all his self-conceit and malice, could occasionally say a bitingly witty thing. It is usual with lecturers at their opening lecture to recommend text-books, and accordingly Knox would commence something as follows: "Gentlemen, there are no text-books I can recommend. I wrote one myself, but it is poor stuff. I can't recommend it. The man who knows most about a subject writes worst on it. If you want a good text-book on any subject, recommend me to the man who knows nothing earthly about the subject. (That was the reason that Doctor T. was asked

* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. ix., p. 389.

to write the article, *Physical Geography*, for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*). The result is that we have no good text-book on anatomy. We will have soon, however, Professor *Monro* is going to write one." That was the finale, and, of course, brought down the house, when, with a sinister expression on his face, partly due to long sarcasm and partly to the loss of an eye, he would bow himself out of the lecture-room.

The Professor *Monro*, so courteously referred to by *Knox*, was, I need hardly tell any one acquainted in the slightest with the history of Scottish science, the professor of anatomy in the university, and the third of that name who had filled the chair for one hundred and twenty years. They are well remembered as the *Monros*, *Primus*, *Secundus*, and *Tertius*, and bear the relationship to each other of grandfather, father, and son. The first of the name was the founder of the *Edinburgh School of Medicine*, and one of the most distinguished men of his day. The second was also an able and eminent man; while the third—the one to whom we will more particularly refer—was—well, not a very distinguished man in any way. Nevertheless, in due course, as if by right of birth, he succeeded his father in the very lucrative post of professor of anatomy in the then famous medical faculty of the *University of Edinburgh*. I say by right of birth; for if it was not by that right he had no other claim to fill the chair. He was not naturally a man deficient in ability, but was so insufferably careless that soon he really forgot the elements of the subject he had to teach. The students were not long in learning this too, and accordingly sought their anatomical instruction elsewhere. Doctor *Knox* and others were what are called extra-academical lecturers. Their lectures qualified for all examining boards except the *University of Edinburgh*, which did not recognise them, and accordingly the students were compelled to attend the university professors for their certificate, while they went to *Knox* and others to get their knowledge. Now-a-days these extra-academical lecturers are recognised by the university, are under the same laws as the university professors, and, with some restrictions, their lectures qualify for degrees in medicine. They, however, lecture at the same hour as the university professors. *Knox*, however, lectured at a different hour from *Monro*, namely, exactly five minutes after the

conclusion of the professor's lecture. Accordingly, the students trooped over from *Monro* to *Knox*, greatly to the annoyance, but in no way to the loss, of the former. It may be well supposed that during their enforced attendance on *Monro's* lectures they did not spend much time in listening to what he had to say. In fact, they used to amuse themselves during the hour of his lecture, and always used to organise some great field days during the session. So lazy was *Monro* that he was in the habit of using his grandfather's lectures, written more than one hundred years before. They were—as was the fashion then—written in Latin, but his grandson gave a free translation as he proceeded, without, however, taking the trouble to alter the dates. Accordingly, in 1820 or 1830 students used to be electrified to hear him slowly drawing out, "When I was in Padua in 1694." This was the signal for the fun to begin. On the occasion when this famous speech was known to be due the room was always full, and no sooner was it uttered than there descended showers of peas on the head of the devoted professor, who, to the end of his life, could never understand what it was all about.

Another jubilee was when he was describing the structure of the calf of the leg. Here are two muscles, called the *semimembranosus* and *semitendinosus*, lying one over the other, but which was which, the learned professor, for the life of him, could never remember. Regularly every year, as the time came, his assistant "ground him up" on the subject. Chalk marks and private notches were put upon them, but all in vain. As he came to the ticklish point all fled out of his head, and while the theatre was silent to await the coming fun, he would cast anxious glances at the demonstrator, but to no effect. Then, in desperation, he would push his porcupine quill beneath them, and blandly remark, "Gentlemen, these are the *semimembranosus* and *semitendinosus* muscles!" Then followed gallons of peas, and the lecture was at an end for that day.

In such a class all sorts of queer scenes were of frequent occurrence. An Irish student called, let us say, *O'Leary*, was the butt of the class one winter session. Independently of his nationality, never very popular in *Edinburgh*, he dressed in a most remarkable fashion, and wore pumps and white duck trousers summer and winter, with a long frock-coat buttoned up to his

throat, leaving in the minds of spectators a suspicion of there being no shirt beneath. He generally entered the class late, and his entry was the signal for applause, in no way flattering to Mr. O'Leary's pride. At last he could stand it no longer, and stood up in the theatre and appealed to the professor to put a stop to it. Monro suggested that if he came in a little earlier he might avoid much of the unwelcome plaudits with which he was greeted. This evasive answer maddened our irate Celt. "Sirr," was the reply, "I see that ye are not only tolerating, but aiding and abetting of these riots and insults to me. Now, sirr, allow me to inform ye, that if these proceedings are continued, I shall hold you responsible, and inflict upon ye the chastisement which your age and infirmities will admit of!" The idea of an undergraduate inflicting personal chastisement on a university don within the walls of his own lecture-room was so brilliant, that for a moment the listeners were stupefied. But soon the ringing cheers which greeted the bold speaker showed that the generous feelings of his fellow-students were touched. Ever after Mr. O'Leary was saved all further annoyance, and to Monro's credit, be it said, no notice was taken of the egregious breach of discipline his pupil had been guilty of.

Sometimes Monro would request a student to take notes. Next day the student would be seen sitting most gravely in the front bench, under the nose of the professor, with a ledger for his note-book, a blacking bottle for an inkstand, and seven or eight quill pens, one stuck on the end of another, until they reached to about a yard in length. No wonder that Monro Tertius's lectures are now recalled by grey-haired old physicians as the most amusing part of their whole medical studies in Edinburgh. Finally, the university induced him to resign on favourable terms (to himself), and ever since the chair has been filled by men of eminence commensurate with its importance. He is now long ago dead, but occasionally curious students of biography will disinter from the now rare "University Maga" some most amusing verses descriptive of his peculiarities, by a student who in after days became very famous, Edward Forbes, late professor of natural history in the university.

I dare say, in these latter degenerate days, we should consider the spectacle of three fashionable physicians getting very tipsy at a consultation in a judge's house, or anywhere else, a very disgraceful and lament-

able spectacle. And so it would be; but yet the old physician, whose memory supplied me with these reminiscences, could recollect such an event. Nor was it looked upon in these heavy drinking days as anything but a remarkably good joke. I think it was the famous Doctor Cullen who told the story, but I will not be certain. He and two other physicians had an appointment for a consultation about the case of Lord —, a judge of the Court of Session in Edinburgh. On arriving at the house they were met by the judge's clerk, a venerable old fellow, whose preternaturally grave face betokened something unusual. "How is his lordship?" was the natural inquiry. To which the clerk replied, with a peculiar expression, "I hope he's weel!" The judge was dead, but the cautious Scot was not, even under the affecting circumstances, going to commit himself to a decided opinion with regard to his late master's welfare in his present unknown place of abode! The three physicians were of course exceedingly shocked at the sad event, and, after expressing some of the commonplaces suitable for the occasion, were about to take their departure. But no; the old clerk had another duty to perform. "Na, gentlemen, you must na leave without takin' a little refreshment." As the judge's cellar was as celebrated as himself, no objection was made to this hospitable invitation, and the party were ushered into the dining-room, where their host for the time being proceeded to decant one of half a dozen of port standing on the sideboard. The port was excellent, and after a couple of glasses they rose to leave. The clerk, however, put himself between them and the door, and quietly locking it and putting the key in his pocket, remarked, as he filled the decanter a second time, "Na, na, gentlemen, yer na gang awa' yet. Amang the last words his lordship said to me were, 'John, I'll have slipped awa' before the doctors come, but when they dae come, jest ye see that they no gang oot of this hoose sober. Bring up half a dozen of my Earthquake port, and see they dae their duty to't. It'll no be said that the last guests in ma hoose went hame sober.' It was his last wish, gentlemen, and maun be obeyed!"

"And to tell you the truth," was the doctor's remark to my friend, as he related him the anecdote, "his lordship's wish was strictly obeyed, for afore we left the table there was na ane o' us could bite oor thumb."

It was a hard drinking time—a time of bacchanalian toasts and loyal bumpers, when “gentlemen” sat down early to, and rose up late from, the dining-table; when at certain periods of the evening a boy was introduced under the table to unloose the neckcloths of gentlemen who fell down drunk; and when a remonstrance at some one more temperate than another passing the decanter was thought to be more stringent if it was enforced by calling attention to the fact “that the night was young yet—the callant’s no under the table!” All classes of society drank, and drank frequently to excess too. A jovial farmer would go into a tavern when the landlady was “setting” a hen, and would never come out again until the chickens were running about. His superiors might not carry things to such an excess, but a two days’ drinking-bout was thought the most common thing in the world, and the capacity for standing a certain number of bottles the test of a thorough good fellow. These were the days of five-bottle men, and in St. Andrew’s University was a student’s club called the Nine-Tumbler Club, the test of fitness for entrance into which was the ability of the candidate, after drinking nine tumblers of hot whisky toddy, to pronounce articulately the words, “Bib-li-cal crit-i-cism.” A miserly old laird used to make it his boast, that so popular a man was he that he could go to market with sixpence in his pocket, and come home drunk with the sixpence still in his pocket.

Lord Nairne, after returning from his long exile in France, on account of his adherence to the House of Stuart, expressed himself, in the company of the friends who had gathered round him to welcome him back again, thoroughly disgusted with the sober habits of the Parisians. “I canna express to ye, gentlemen, the satisfaction I feel in getting men of some sense about me, after being so lang plagued wi’ a set o’ fules nae better than brute beasts, that winna drink mair than what serves them!” Another gentleman who had disinherited his son, reinstated him in his rights when he discovered, after a separation of some years, that the lad was a fair and sound drinker. Another (a baronet) observing that the family tutor—a licentiate of the church—kept his seat after all the other guests at the dinner-table had fallen beneath it, asked if he “could snuff the candle.” The tutor was successful in his efforts, and then, so pleased was the baronet, that there and then he ex-

claimed “for this I’ll present you to the West Kirk of Greenock, when it becomes vacant.” The church referred to was one of the best livings in Scotland, and the tutor, doubtless, thought that a promise made at such a time would not be very strictly respected by the patron when sober. Nevertheless, when a few years afterwards the living fell vacant, he went to the baronet’s agent, and told him of the incident. The factor considered for some time, and then asked, “Was he drunk or sober when he made the promise?”

“I fear all but quite drunk,” said the young clergyman.

“Then you are sure of the living,” was the factor’s reply, “for while Sir — sometimes is oblivious of what he says when he is sober, he is sure to remember everything he says when drunk.”

And he was right, for the reverend toper filled the pulpit, and drank at the tables of the hard-drinking gentlemen of West Greenock for many years after.

A man who did not drink, and drink hard too, was apt to be thought boorish, and had as little chance of mingling in the convivial society of the district he lived in as an Irish gentleman of the same period who didn’t “blaze.” My old friend used to tell an anecdote of a clergyman of his acquaintance who was utterly shocked when administering consolation to a dying Highland chief, to be asked if there “was any whisky in heaven?” And, half apologetically, “Ye ken, sir, it’s no that I care for it, but it looks weel on the table.”

The drinking propensity of the age was not, as the Greenock anecdote will have told the reader, limited to jovial farmers and lairds. The church was in no way back in claiming a place in that bibulous age. The late Very Reverend Doctor Baird, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, used to tell a story to the effect that in his youth he was officiating in a distant parish for the clergyman who was then absent from home. In the evening he dined with the chief proprietor, and while in the drawing-room before dinner, he got into talk with another of the guests, who soon discovered that they had a common friend in Edinburgh. This accordingly was a new bond of friendship, and it was probably owing to this that Doctor Baird’s newly acquired friend—who happened also to be a clergyman—took him by the button-hole as the butler announced dinner, and gravely whispered, “Tak’ ma advice and bend weel into the Madeira at denner, for

it's deevlish little o't ye'll get here after!" The utmost praise another clergyman of the same period would assign to the French, of whom he had a most wholesome hatred, was, "Well, well," in a forgiving tone of voice, "there's nae use denying the bodies brew gude drink," and as he sipped another glass of claret, he looked around as if he ought to have gained much credit for the extreme liberality of his sentiment. Another Highland minister is reported to have preached a sermon against evil drinking something after the following strain, only I have toned down his Gaelic accent somewhat. "Ma freends," he remarked, "dinna* aye be dram, dram, drammin'. Of coorse ye may tak' a dram for your mornin': everybody does that when he gets up: and maybe another as he looks up the sheep, and ane to refresh ye when ye come in. Maist folk tak' ane at breakfast (I myself indeed tak' twa for my stomach), and ye canna well get through to twelve o'clock without meeting a friend, and then maist folk have ane, unless indeed in extraordinary circumstances. Of coorse ye'll hev ane at dinner, and maybe a settler up in the shape o' a snifter in the afternoon. At supper everybody tak's a tumbler o' toddy, or may be twa, unless y've been eatin' haggis, when it's necessary to tak' a thimblefu' of gude Glenleeveet, and afore a body gangs to bed they tak' ane, or twa tumblers (I myself denna sleep without it). That's a' richt,† friends, but for ony sake dinna be aye dram, dram, drammin'!" The same worthy used to remark that "whisky's a bad thing," and then, as if to qualify such a dangerous sentiment, "especially bad whisky."

This was in the early years of the century, but not over thirty years ago—(the writer did not require the aid of the old physician's memory to recal this anecdote): A certain judge of the Court of Session, whose name is famous far beyond Edinburgh, was returning late one night, or early one morning, from a jovial party, so intoxicated that he could not find his own house. Lord R. was, however, not a man to be put out, so he quietly stepped up to a watchman, and in a careless tone of voice inquired:

"Honest man, could ye tell me where Lord R. (mentioning his own name) lives?"

The watchman raised his lantern to the face of the inquirer. "Why, you're him!"

"Ah! honest man, well I ken that,"

was the careless reply; "but where do I live?"

Happily for Scotland these drunken days are over, and though she still bears the reputation of being by no means the soberest of the three kingdoms, yet her drunken fashions have descended from the educated and great of the land to another stratum of society, where the vice, if as deplorable, is more to be excused. Were I to tell all the quaint tales of old Edinburgh that occur to me, I fear that even a sederunt of the St. Andrew's Nine-Tumbler Club would be insufficient. One more and I have done. At the beginning of this century, and for years far into it, there was no more popular man in Edinburgh society than Doctor Hope—professor of chemistry in the university. A bachelor, most punctilious in his dress, and abounding in very nicely turned periods of small talk, there was no man more in favour with the ladies than the courtly professor. Accordingly, when he would enter the "assembly" some evening, bowing on every side, the band would strike up (in neat allusion to his blarney) Hope told a Flattering Tale, and then he would again bow in profusion on every side, quite understanding the allusion and the compliment. Just about that period there was a furore among the ladies of the modern Athens for "higher female education"—a furore which has in these latter days revived. Accordingly, Doctor Hope was importuned by his female friends to give them some lectures in chemistry. He agreed, but the university authorities ruled that it was against law for ladies to pass to Doctor Hope's laboratory through the university gates. The professor was not long in overcoming this difficulty, for he had a window which opened to the street (South College-street), and accordingly through it the ladies entered his lecture room for a whole winter. So successful were these and subsequent courses that the professor accumulated from them more than a thousand pounds, which, quite forgiving the university senate the ungenerous trick they had played on him in trying to stop the course of lectures from which the money was derived, he devoted the sum to founding certain Hope scholarships in chemistry in the university. Curiously enough, three years ago one of these was won by a young lady: but the senate, who had permitted her to attend the lectures, ruled against her holding the emolument, on the ground that no provision was made for a woman holding it!

* Do not.

† Right.

Jovial parties in taverns were long the rule in old Edinburgh, and are, though to a smaller extent, still in vogue. In those days they were, however, quite in fashion. The *Noctes Ambrosianæ* will have familiarised most of the readers of this article with the intellectual products of some of them. At one of them Doctor Black—the most eminent chemist of that age—and Doctor Hutton, the founder of the Huttonian School of Geological Philosophy (which still holds sway), were once dining together, and got into a most philosophical discussion regarding snails as an article of food. No doubt the hated French ate them, but still why should they be worse food than oysters—were not, they both molluscs? Finally they concluded to try them, and in due course a dish of snails was set before each. But they were one thing and philosophy another, and for some time both savans pecked about the dish, not making much way, but neither liking to be the first to give it up. Doctor Black, who was a most polite man, at last began to remark, "Doctor Hutton, don't you think these molluscs are just a little, a very little peculiar?"

This was enough for the now thoroughly disgusted Hutton, who instantly flung them from him with the exclamation: "Peculiar! d—d peculiar, d—d peculiar!"

It was not a polished expression, but it was characteristic of the age and the man. With it we will close these reminiscences of the old doctors of Edinburgh as they lived and moved across the old physician's memory.

W I G S.

WE might fain suppose that men first wore wigs because, in the estimation of the humble-minded and innocent, the wisdom's in the wig; as well as the stern impartiality of the judge, the patriarchal goodness of the bishop, the matured experience of the elder. But this obviously will not do as an explanation, seeing that wig-wearers have been, as a class, not specially distinguished for any of these attributes: nay, they seem much more frequently to have been the leaders or followers of fashion. There is nothing in the name that helps us; for the word wig comes nobody seems to know whence. There has, it is true, been a vast array of learning about peruke or periwig, and its

connexion with the French *peruque* or *perruque*, the Italian *perucca*, the Spanish *peluca*, the Latin *pilus*, the Gothic-Latin *pellucus*, the Greek *περίων*, the Hebrew *perah*, and the Chaldee *pervah*. Possibly the parentage or genealogy may be somewhat in this form—*pilus* (hair), *peluca*, *pellucus*, *perucca*, *perruque*, *peruke*, *periwig*, *wig*. Or is it, after all, to some personal peculiarity, temporary or permanent, that we must look for the origin of wig-wearing.

Hannibal, some of the old historians say, had a variety of wigs in wear, when he wished to go about incognito; and a similar manoeuvre has frequently been adopted in later times; but throughout the classical and mediæval ages the natural hair seems to have been pretty generally shown, although trimmed and decked out in a variety of odd ways. Stow says that periwigs first saw the light in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth: but he gives no clear proof of the source whence they came. Shortly before the close of her reign these wigs of moderate size were so much in fashion, and the periwig-makers became so busy, that it was dangerous to let children wander about the streets alone, lest some dexterous knave should waylay them for a few minutes, and clip off their flowing locks to supply the demand. There must, however, be some sort of mistake here; for mention may be found of perukes a century before Elizabeth's time, in connexion with one of those miracle-plays which were then in vogue. William Canynges, or Cannings, the famous Bristol merchant, gave to the parochial authorities of St. Mary Redcliff the dresses and stage machinery for a miracle-play, which comprised, among other items: "Heaven, made of timber and stained cloths; Hell, made of timber and iron work thereto, with Devils the number of thirteen; four Angels made of timber, and well painted; four perukes longeth to the four Angels!" An angel's peruke must have been something to see!

The seventeenth century was the great era of wigs. Louis the Thirteenth lost his hair, and put on a wig; whereupon it became the fashion so to do. Thus goes the story, which may or may not be true. Louis the Fourteenth increased the size of his wigs to a degree never before attained; he was so sensitive about the matter (having become somewhat bald), that he was never seen with his bare head except by his chosen barber. At night, when tucked up in bed,

and the curtains drawn, he exchanged his wig for a nightcap, and handed the former out between the curtains to his valet, who handed the wig back to him the same way in the morning, when the Grand Monarque was about to rise. The courtiers followed the fashion, and so did divines, physicians, and advocates; and the changes were rung upon perruques rondes, carrées, and pointues, perruques à boudins and perruques à papillons, perruques à deux marteaux and perruques à trois marteaux, and every other kind of wig conceivable by human ingenuity.

Nor did England fall below or behind France in this matter. Charles the First, when prince, spent a short time at Paris, on his way to Spain, and "shadow'd himself the most he could under a burly peruke, which none in former days but bald-headed people used, but now generally intended into a fashion; and the prince's was so big that it was hair enough for his whole face." These were the words of Arthur Wilson, writing in 1653. Wigs flourished in all their glory during the time of Charles the Second. Pepys had much to say on this topic, sometimes applicable to himself. In one of the entries in his Diary for 1663, he said: "Home; and by-and-bye came Chapman, the perriwigg maker, and upon my liking it without more ado I must up, and then he cut off my haire, which went a little to my heart at present to part with it; but it being over, and my perriwigg on, I paid him three pounds, and away went he with my own hair to make up another of; and by-and-bye went abroad, after I had caused all my maids to look upon it, and they concluded it do become me, though Jane was mightily troubled for my parting with my own hair, and so was Bessie." Again: "Lord's Day. To church, which I found that my coming in a perriwigg did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me, but I find no such thing." It is evident that Pepys was thinking more about his wig than about serious subjects. Again, under date 1667: "To a perriwigg maker, and there bought two perriwiggs, mighty fine indeed, too fine I thought for me, but he persuaded me, and I did buy them for four pounds ten shillings the two;" and a day or two afterwards: "To church, and with my mourning, very handsome, and new perriwigg, made a great show." A gentleman in that reign had such a passion for wigs that he employed an

artist to give wigs to all the Vandeyck portraits he possessed. Holme, in his *Heraldry*, written in 1680, says:—"The perawicke (one more mode of spelling this word!) is a short bob, or head of hair, that hath short locks and a hairy crown. This is a counterfeit hair which men wear instead of their own, a thing much used in our days by the generality of men; contrary to our forefathers who got estates, loved their wives, and wore their own hair; but in these days there is no such things."

Besides the full-bottomed wig, covering back, chest, and shoulders alike, there was the short peruke, with short locks; the long peruke, with a poll lock, or sort of twisted tail; the travelling wig, with the side locks turned up into bobs or knots, which were tied with ribbons; and the grafted wig, with the top so haired as to imitate the crown of the head. On the Lord Mayor's Day of 1680, the show or pageant was much more grand and imposing than in these degenerate days of ours. Sir Patience Ward's pageant in that year comprised, among other features in the procession, a figure representing "Harmonia, a lady of great gravity, with masculine aspect, wearing a lovely dark brown peruke, curiously curled, on which is planted a crown imperial." Possibly this lovely dark brown peruke had a golden tinge, such as is in favour with some ladies at the present time.

The Puritans, when they emigrated to America, took with them a dislike to Cavalier wigs, as to most other things that pertained to the fashion of the day; and this aversion long remained among them. In the Diary of Judge Sewell of Massachusetts, 1696, we find this entry: "Mr. Sims told me of the assaults he had made on perriwigs; seemed to be in good sober sadness." In 1708, "Mr. Cheever died; the welfare of the province was much upon his heart; he abominated perriwigs." And in 1721, the Society of Friends at Hampton, Massachusetts, voted that "the wearing of extravagant wiggis is altogether antagonistic to truth."

Who does not know the Ramilies wig of Queen Anne's reign? Our National Portrait Gallery presents it to us in abundance. Sir David Dalrymple, writing in 1760, said: "Queen Anne was the patroness of full-bottomed wigs. Some of her officers who had served in Flanders imported an alteration in her favourite dress; it consisted in collecting the monstrous tail or

fleece, and tying it up with ribbons." This change was evidently viewed with some dislike, at least at first. "Either General Gower, or General Green, I forget which, both tall handsome men, and officers of cavalry, appeared at court with this modification of the full locks. The queen, turning to the lady of the bedchamber in waiting, said, 'I suppose that presently gentlemen will come to court in their jack-boots!'" In 1714 (the last year of Anne's reign) the fashion arose of having the hair bleached; but as this artificial white soon turned to an ashey grey, it suggested the use of hair-powder, which thereupon commenced a career destined to last more than a century. A wig-maker's advertisement, which appeared in 1724, gives us the names of many kinds of head-covering in vogue at that time. "Joseph Pickeaver, peruke maker, who formerly lived at the Black Lyon in Copper-alley, is now remov'd under Tom's Coffee House, where all gentlemen may be furnished with all sorts of perukes, as full bottom tyes, full bobs, ministers' bobs, naturalls, half naturalls, Grecian flyes, curley roys, airy levants, qu perukes, and bagg wiggs." Curley roys, airy levants, and qu perukes are evidently lame attempts to imitate French spelling. The *troupee* or *toupie* was an enormous raising up of the top of the wig, almost to the height of a grenadier's bearskin. This fashion was alluded to in 1771 in the *Modern Husband*, where one of the characters says: "I meet with nothing but a parcel of toupet coxcombs, who plaster up their brains upon their perri-wigs;" or rather, we suppose, plaster their periwigs over their brains.

Quite early in the reign of George the Third, we find curious trade evidence that a change of fashion had taken place, and also that competition interfered with the cherished privileges of protection. The master peruke-makers presented a petition to the king in 1765, complaining that gentlemen had begun to wear their own hair, instead of buying wigs, and that French perruquiers were taking away English customers; they also brought the Sunday observance question forward, saying: "They at the same time lament the fatal necessity they are under of misemploying the Lord's Day in worldly pursuits, which day of all others they are most hurried and confused; by which they and their families become as those who know not God; while their fellow-subjects are happy in the inestimable privileges of

attending and discharging their religious duties, and imbibing continually those precepts that teach to bear a conscience void of offence, to fear God and honour the king." They asked his majesty to help them, probably by reintroducing the fashion of wig-wearing; but Good King George never wore other than a very small wig at any period of his life. Poor wigsters: they were much laughed at; for a satirical petition was got up, purporting to come from the wooden-leg makers, praying that his majesty, for the encouragement of trade, would graciously deign to wear a wooden leg!

A peruke-maker, about the same period, issued an advertisement, informing his patrons and the public that "He has a copper-plate engraved, which enables any lady or gentleman to take an accurate measure of their own head." This was not a matter of so much importance when the wigs in fashion were so monstrous as to contain something like a peck of hair; but the natty perukes which marked the greater part of the reign of George the Third must certainly have required some attention to insure the right shape and size. Later in the century, as an engraving of the time tells us, a wig-seller of Middle-row, Holborn, was wont to stand at the door of his shop wearing and combing one of his wigs, and calling the attention of a customer to its merits. The price of a common wig was one guinea; a journeyman usually treated himself to a new one once a year; and it was a frequent clause in an apprentice's indentures that his master should provide him with "one good and sufficient wig yearly during the term of his apprenticeship." If ladies' head-dresses, rather than real wigs and perukes, were the subject of the present paper, we should have to notice the monstrous height (literally, not merely figuratively) which such head-gear attained in the latter quarter of the century. Queen Marie Antoinette is said to have invented a coiffure which represented all the refinements of landscape gardening—hills and valleys of hair, dewy prairies, silver streamlets, foaming torrents, symmetrical gardens, and so forth. It took such a long time to dress a court lady's hair for a court day that it had to be done overnight, and the poor victim slept as well as she could in an arm-chair, to keep her elaborate coiffure safe from derangement. A great change took place at one period of King George's reign, owing to

Queen Charlotte's loss of hair during an illness; she adopted a new and simpler head-dress; and the fashionable ladies were not sorry to follow a reform so conveniently established.

The army had its fashions, like the court, in regard to the wearing of wigs. During the eighteenth century the military wigs kept about equal pace with the civil, and, like them, gradually died out altogether. Just about the beginning of the present century wigs began to be discarded altogether; the natural hair was worn, powdered and plaited into a queue, long or short according to taste, and twisted with ribbons. There can be no question that the wig-makers really suffered by this change of fashion, as the buckle-makers did in the same reign, and as the straw-bonnet makers have often done since. But even the abandonment of wigs and perukes did not lessen the amount of attention necessary to the hair; nay, it increased that necessity, for a man could have his wig dressed before it was put on his head—an achievement somewhat difficult with one's own hair. It is reported that, on one occasion, when a field-day was ordered in one of our garrisons, there not being sufficient barbers in the garrison to attend all the officers in the morning, the juniors had their heads dressed overnight; and to prevent damage to the artistic arrangement thus produced, the pomatumed, powdered, and curled officers were forced to sleep as well as they could on their faces. In the adjutant's office for each regiment was kept a pattern of the correct or regulation curls to which the barbers were to conform. Pigtailed were worn very long until about the year 1807, when they were reduced by official orders to a length of seven inches; in 1808 they were abolished altogether, to the great relief both of officers and men.

The ecclesiastical wig underwent no fewer changes than the military. Its adoption was a grave matter, and its subsequent abandonment was the subject of still more discussion. Archbishop Tillotson is said to have been the first spiritual peer who wore a wig; this, however, is not quite certain; but there can be no doubt that the spiritual bench gradually followed the usage of laymen. Not only so; the high clergy, early in the century, continued to wear powdered wigs after most other persons had agreed to dispense with them. Who was the first modern bishop who ventured to appear in public without a wig,

seems to be a matter of dispute. One account tells that, in 1799, "All Oxford was thrown into a ferment by the refusal of their newly-appointed bishop (Doctor Randolph) to abandon a comfortable head of hair for an episcopal wig; but usage was too strong for him to resist; he yielded after a time." What he felt, however, many other bishops felt, that a wig is not really a comfort except to a bald-headed man. Doctor Barrington, Bishop of Durham, left off his wig in hot weather during the days of the Regency. Doctor Legge, Bishop of Oxford, is said to have asked George the Third's permission to dispense with his wig. What the monarch replied, we do not know; but he was not prone to changes in such matters. The first bishops who really appeared in the House of Peers without their wigs were the Irish bishops soon after the Union; and much attention was attracted to Archbishop Beresford's fine bald patriarchal head among his bewigged English brethren. It is said that, when one of the bishops asked the king's opinion on the subject, pointing out that bishops always wore their own hair down to the seventeenth century, the monarch replied, "Yes, my lord, but they also wore beards and moustaches; I suppose you would hardly like to carry out the precedent. I think a distinction of some sort necessary, and I am satisfied with that which I find established." The Prince Regent once told Doctor Bagot, who was a remarkably handsome man, that it would be a pity to cover such a head, and jokingly promised not to insist on the episcopal wig if the doctor ever became a bishop. This contingency happened in the course of time, and George the Fourth, though rather reluctantly, fulfilled his promise, when the matter was recalled to his attention by Bishop Bagot. The example was soon followed by Doctor Blomfield, Bishop of London. A conversation has appeared in print, in which the Duke of Wellington took part in 1834. The guests at a dinner were commenting on the fact that Bishop Blomfield had appeared in the House of Lords; whereupon the Duke said: "Louis the Fourteenth had a hump, and no man, not even his valet, ever saw him without his wig; it hung down his back, like the judges' wigs, to hide the hump. But the Dauphin, who had not a hump, couldn't bear the heat; so he cut the wig round close to the poll; and the episcopal wig that you are all making such a fuss about, is the wig of the most profligate days of the

French court." William the Fourth did not care about the matter, so the bishops wore wigs or not as they pleased after 1830. Since that year it has simply been a matter of speculative gossip whether this or that bishop or archbishop wore a wig in a particular year. Speaking generally, the episcopal wig may be regarded as a thing of the past, although it still sometimes makes its appearance on ceremonial occasions. John Wesley's wig was shown at the Leeds Exhibition, by Mr. Hale, to whose father Wesley had bequeathed it.

Not so the judge's wig; that still lives in all its glory. Sometimes the judges wore two kinds of wig—a short brown one in the morning, a flowing white one in the evening. Lawyers themselves have discussed the question why judges may wear full-bottomed wigs; why queen's counsel and serjeants-at-law may also do so; why barristers who have not risen to a silk gown must confine themselves to small wigs; and whether recorders ought to rank with the higher or the humbler class in this particular. One thing is certain, that wigs in hot weather are quite as much a torment as an honour. The Times contained the following sketch during the sultry summer of 1868:

"During the last two days the learned judge and the bar have been sitting without their wigs, and in opening a case (in the Probate and Divorce Court),

"Sir R. Collier called attention to the innovation, and apologised for not appearing in full forensic costume.

"His lordship said he had set the example of leaving off the wig in consequence of the unprecedented heat of the weather, as he thought there were limits to human endurance.

"Sir R. Collier expressed a wish that this precedent may be generally followed: and hoped that the obsolete institution of the wig was coming to an end—a hope in which many members of the bar heartily concur."

Perhaps our boys may, before they become men, witness the death and burial of even that tremendous instrument of punishment, the judge's wig.

According to a report from Paris (which, with other French news, may be a little incorrect), a committee of ladies has decided to introduce a fashion of wigs instead of chignons. The latter are pronounced to be troublesome to keep in good array; whereas the former are always ready. It is further proposed that each lady (pe-

cuniary means permitting), shall keep many wigs of different colours, harmonising with different styles and tints of dress. We can imagine the perruquiers invoking blessings on this ladies' committee.

NOTES OR GOLD?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEVER FORGOTTEN," "FATAL ZERO," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV. ALLIANCE.

THAT very morning Mr. Nagle was, what he called, "junketing down" to the sick man's house, when he saw Lady Duke go in. He smiled, half in contempt, half in enjoyment. "Some people," he thought, "are strangely pachydermatous. Here is a woman that has been snubbed and re-snubbed. There is a positive indecency in such persistence." He was devising a sarcastic speech to this effect, when he was admitted.

No Lady Duke was in the drawing-room, nor in the parlour. What did this mean? The doctor came in. Mr. Nagle, fiery with excitement and suspicion, began to bluster:

"What is this, and the meaning of this, Spooner—this holing and cornering, and finessing—smuggling in some, and excluding others?"

"You have strange phrases, Mr. Nagle," said the other, "which, I am sure, go beyond your meaning. Mr. Doughty asked to see Lady Duke."

"Asked! I don't believe it. Let me see him. If the man's capable enough to see her he can see me. I tell you what, sir, I know there's a game going on here. Let me pass."

"Pardon me," said the other, standing in the doorway; "I cannot permit it—at least now. I have no doubt he will see you later, and if he express the least desire you shall be admitted."

"I shall be admitted! Well, who gave you the right to set yourself up as captain and commander-in-chief here. I see your game, sir; you want to kick down the ladder on which you scrambled up, and——"

"I think you must see, Mr. Nagle, that any more of this language will bring about unpleasantness, and prejudice your interests. I can make allowance for your excitement up to this point, but I am sure you will be wise, and see on reflection that you are pursuing an imprudent course."

This did strike our professor, and he moderated his tone.

"But when I see one woman let in and another excluded—my Corinna, for whom the man would give his last breath—why should we have this tabooing some, and letting in others by back doors?"

"You are quite right about your daughter, and have given the precise reason why it would be most objectionable to admit her—as yet, at least. Take my advice, come back later."

Mr. Nagle went away, and repaired straight to Will Gardiner's. He found husband and wife at home, who received him very coldly. Will Gardiner could never disguise resentment where he felt he had been "done."

"I wonder you have come off guard, Nagle," he said. "Some of the relations may slip in during your absence."

"Oh, I am not guarding, or doing anything of that sort. There's fine scheming going on up there, I can tell you—doors locked and barred, and every one asked their business. I never heard of such a thing in my life!"

Mr. Nagle spoke pettishly. Mr. Gardiner saw how things stood; his face wore a broad grin of amusement.

"What, has Master Spooner turned on you—turned you out, my poor professor? Put not your trust in princes, my boy, nor in doctors."

"I tell you what," said Mr. Nagle, solemnly, and not heeding, or, perhaps, understanding these compliments, "my opinion is, there is some scheming on foot there. It's most suspicious. The woman brought in—a regular Cerberus—never sleeps, I believe; locked doors; can't get your foot on the stair."

"But you, my dear Nagle, the bosom friend and pitcher—why no one would believe it! And Miss Corinna—surely she has the pass-key if any one has."

"There's the monstrous part of it," said Mr. Nagle, vehemently. "I appeal to you and Mrs. Gardiner if it wasn't notorious in the place. The man idolises her; and to have the door slammed in her face by a fellow that ought to be grinding his powders in the back shop—"

"Oh," said Mrs. Gardiner, "so she has been trying to visit him. Dear me! how trying for her to have been refused admission."

"No, I didn't mean that," he answered, hastily. "I assure you, no. She hasn't been near the place. In fact, she has a delicacy about it which I think absurd."

"Of course you would not like to have

it said," replied the lady, who, nevertheless, told everywhere how that scheming girl had tried to get in and could not get beyond the hall.

"Well," said Will, enjoying the joke immensely, "it's unfortunate for you, Master Nagle. But, you see, a position like yours is always more or less insecure—perhaps more than less. The only comfort you can have is that poor old Doughty may get well, and then Spooner may be sent to the right-about himself, just as you are."

This was brutal, and Mr. Nagle winced.

"I am not sent to the right-about, as you call it. The danger is the man may not recover, and they may be concocting wills, and deeds, and all sorts of knavery."

"It won't stand," said Will, excitedly.

"If I was to spend every halfpenny I have on earth I'll upset it. The relations shall get up a fund, and work heaven and earth. No court would tolerate such an iniquitous game. But do you know, Nagle, in any case things look rather blue for you, my boy. And after all your trouble too!"

"Yes," said the other, "my practice ruined—my professional emoluments dwindled."

"Ruined!" said Mrs. Gardiner, in good-natured surprise. "Why, every one thinks you are coining."

"Oh, that's all very well, ma'am. There's not much to coin in this hole. Why, the slave I have been to that man, and Corinna too, putting up with his humours and jealousies—losing a good match."

"You may thank my Lady Duke for that," said Will. "But you had another crumb of comfort there. She got the sack, if you did—"

"Why, there's the game—the partiality! It's monstrous. Why, Spooner's set her on, and she's sitting with the man this moment."

Will Gardiner started up, his cheeks glowing.

"She got in! Then depend upon it they're in league. I see it all now. A regular plant! Lock up the poor devil, keep out every one that feels well towards him! Poor deserted, demented creature! Heaven help him if he gets into her hands."

"But what's to be done?" said Mrs. Gardiner. "That woman isn't to be tolerated. We have as good a right to be there as she has."

"I tell you what! leave it to my wife, who is a wonderful woman of the world. She'll soon let these people know what she thinks of them."

Mr. Nagle shook his head.

"Oh! you don't know her. She's just

the woman for a situation like this. She'll be a match for them. There'll be no will concocted without her knowing it. And then your Corinna—why, she's a tower of strength—why isn't she with him?"

"Oh, there it is," said Mr. Nagle. "She has got some absurd delicacy in her head about the people, and what they would say: that she was scheming to get his money."

"Nonsense! Why, that's said enough already. Their tongues are never a moment idle. As she's got the credit of it, she might as well have the reality. You should use your authority. These girls require to be ordered."

"To be sure," said the other. "But what can I do with her? She's so high-flown and romantic. Why—would you believe it?—she's going away! Leaving the place!"

Mrs. Gardiner started.

"Going away! When?"

"At once. To-morrow, I believe. Talks of earning her bread, and all that folly."

"Oh, then the game's up. You may draw off, and let the others pillage the poor fellow to their hearts' content."

Mr. Nagle looked frightened.

"Why so? How d'ye mean?"

"Why, my dear Master Nagle, you don't suppose he'd do anything for you. It's for your handsome girl he's been fraternising with you. I suppose you can see that?"

This disagreeable truth had never occurred to the music-master; but it seemed to be put so logically that it flashed upon him now with something like conviction.

"Then it's most ungrateful and selfish."

"I suppose she knows best," said Mrs. Gardiner. "But, you see, there's nothing to be done now. If she were my daughter, I would insist on her remaining, for a time, at least. You have some authority over your children, I suppose?"

"Oh, I am sure I don't know," said Mr. Nagle, in despair. "I suppose they do as they please. That's the cue for the new generation."

Mrs. Gardiner looked at him with some contempt.

"Well, I am sure!" she said, "with such cards in your hand! But no matter. You know your interests best."

"Well, tell me what I am to do," he said, looking from one to the other.

"Well," said Will, "I would make her stay for a short time at least. I suppose she has some natural affection, and will do something for her poor old father. I would work that line to her."

This seemed to comfort the music-master, who seized his hat and set off for his home.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE BARRIER CROSSED.

Not very long after Nagle's departure, Will Gardiner and his wife left their house, and went up to make a fresh attack on the Doughty fortress. It was curious to see the alteration in that honest, open face, an eagerness and restlessness having come into the eyes, and even a worn look on the cheeks. He had become harassed with that one thought, and at home could talk of nothing else. From constant talking, what was a wild day-dream had come to assume first probability, then almost certainty, and this was fed by his oft-repeated assurance to himself and his wife:

"We have as good a chance as any of them. And we have never shown that we wanted the poor fellow's money, or curried him for it."

It was curious how often this description "poor fellow" was introduced as a sort of corrective to the fear of being thought mercenary. But as, in the case of Lady Duke, circumstances had become pressing, and he, too, living beyond his means, was beginning to be in want of money.

It was unfortunate that his more clever wife should have left him on their road to the house to do some shopping; for thus he arrived in a sort of combative mood, which was not likely to advance their interests. He strode in and was walking up-stairs, when he was confronted by the doctor, with the usual mysterious and cautionary manner. At this he lost all patience.

"Now look here, Spooner," he said, "you had better give up this ridiculous game at once. And I tell you plainly, I am not going to put up with it. Am I to understand that you mean to shut me out from seeing our relation Doughty?"

The other was almost servile in his declarations.

"Far from it; as soon as he gets a little strength, I shall be only too happy to admit you. Even if he were to desire to see you, I should make no objection. But the truth is he has never done so."

"I suppose," said Will, with a sneer, "he will only desire to see such persons as are Doctor Spooner's friends. What a curious coincidence! Do you think we are going to stand this nonsense; or do you suppose that every one doesn't see through your schemes? I believe it to be a conspiracy—nothing more or less."

"You are excited," said the other, "but you will not excite me. Mr. Gardiner, your manner and language justify me in saying that you are a most improper person to be admitted to a sick-room where a patient is in so critical a way."

Will Gardiner was beside himself with anger.

"You have no authority here. I shall insist on my right of seeing my friend, whom you may be harrassing between you, for all I know. Let me pass."

Mr. Gardiner had not much self-restraint, and seizing the doctor by the collar, swung him out of his way. Then he hurried upstairs to the bedroom. He had nearly reached the door, when he was confronted by the stern sister, who, with one hand on the banister and another on the wall, barred the way.

"For shame!" she said, coldly; "this is most indecent. Do you want to burst into his room? You will first have to assault me as you have done my brother."

"Stand away, ma'am," said Will, in a rage with himself for having got into such a position. "I suppose you will next spread that about, or tell him that I have done so?"

"Go down, sir," said the doctor, who had now come quietly behind, "or it will be my duty to call in assistance, and have you removed."

"At your peril," said Will, with his hand on the door of the room. "You will not dispose of me so easily, I can tell you."

All at once the door opened, and a pale face looked out, overcast with doubt and astonishment. It was, indeed, a picture, a group from a comedy, and the various characters—for Mrs. Gardiner had now arrived—looked a little humiliated.

"What is this about?" said the patient at last.

Will spoke out bluntly, and with a natural warmth.

"I'm delighted to see you so fresh, Doughty, really delighted. We were told you were at the last extremity, and I was trying to see for myself, only this good gentleman wanted to prevent us."

Mr. Doughty answered with wild eyes, and much excited:

"What are you quarrelling about here? I will not be hunted in this fashion. Go away all of you. I don't want you here. I ought to be delighted to find every one so interested in me!"

The doctor had turned rather pale, but spoke firmly.

"A great responsibility was cast on me, and I was determined, at any risk of misconstruction, to do my duty to my patient."

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Doughty, peevishly. "I know that. Every one wishes to do their duty."

"We would, I know," said Mrs. Gardiner, promptly. "We have been here day after day, but could hardly get beyond the door. Even the poor Nagles," she added, very adroitly, "have been turned back."

The patient started. "Not by my direction. Where are they? When was she here?"

"It is Mr. Nagle this gentleman is speaking of. His daughter has not come."

"Come in," said Mr. Doughty, sharply, to the two Gardiners. "I am ill, very ill. But no one has a right to shut me up in this style. I wanted to talk to you."

"You wait outside, dear," she said to her husband. "Both of us will only tire him; and I can tell him everything he wishes to hear." A wise precaution against the two conspirators listening at the key-hole. To say the truth, Mr. Doughty did not seem to notice the absence of Will Gardiner.

"Now what is this?" he said, when the door was closed. "I know not what has been going on during this illness, but, I fear, much that I cannot be accountable for. Were they complaining to you?"

"Miss Corinna?" said Mrs. Gardiner, delicately assisting him. "No; she is not a girl to do that, especially if she saw there was anything like a combination or that unworthy motives were imputed. That alone would keep her at a distance."

"A cruel delicacy," said he, warmly; "cruel to me, who both like and esteem her. She might, at least, have done what all the rest of the world here seems to have done. I could not, of course, expect her to show that flattering interest in my poor self, which took the shape of the struggle that has just taken place outside; but still a visit, an inquiry, could not have done her much harm."

"I sincerely believe that to have been the sole reason. Perhaps she may think that, after the late business, in which young Mr. Duke behaved so badly, they are all so unkind here."

He was getting more and more interested.

"I can quite understand," he said; "and of course she could hear every day from her father—if she cared to know, that

is— The people of this place certainly bear her no goodwill."

"She has great enemies," said the lady, "and no one to protect her. Lady Duke bears her no love, and is a very clever woman. No one knows better how to contrive matters. She certainly managed to rescue her son, as she would call it, with great skill. He is not a youth of much strength of mind, and she knows how to direct him without his being aware of it."

Mr. Doughty remained silent, looking at her steadily. "I suspected something of this," he said at length; "and I suppose this is what is repeated in the place."

"Oh yes," she said, eagerly; "and a good deal more."

"Then we must try and set things straight as far as we can. I may not live very long; I am not exactly young, and you know they call me 'Old Doughty.' But I have strength still to show that noble girl what I think of her, and of those who have shown themselves her friends. You and yours, my dear Mrs. Gardiner, have been so from the beginning. It was at your house I first saw her. It was you and your husband that first took notice of the poor unfriended music-master and his daughter. I notice these things, though I may not seem to do so. Her friends shall be my friends. I wish you to know that, and bear it in mind. Those who remember her I shall remember, in the vulgar but satisfactory sense of the word. I think I can depend on you."

"How generous, how noble," said Mrs. Gardiner, hardly able to restrain her delight.

"You have some influence with her, I dare say?" he went on doubtfully. "As you see me here, I am so beleaguered and hedged in with interested people, who, however, may mean that I can find no one whom I can trust. If she would only come to me—if I could see her but for a few moments."

"Nothing more easy in the world," said Mrs. Gardiner, enthusiastically. "I'll undertake to manage it."

"No, no," said he, doubtfully, "it is a delicate matter, and she is so sensitive."

"Leave it all to me. I shall contrive it. It is only proper that she should come, and to one who has shown such a generous interest in her all through. Indeed, as it is," continued Mrs. Gardiner unable to repress

her natural inclination to give a thrust to any fellow-creature of hers when she could, "it surprises me that she should stand aloof in this remarkable way, as though she were afraid of catching the plague. To some people it would seem ungracious; only we, of course, know her."

"You do not," said he, quietly, "and some people—most people indeed—cannot understand these matters. However, if she could be brought to pay one little visit to a poor shattered invalid out of charity, even as a sister of mercy, which she is, I shall be for ever grateful."

Mrs. Gardiner listened to these comforting words with delight and elation. Her tactics, such as they were, had so far been crowned with infinite success. She had struck out the true course. And certainly it would seem—and the reader may think so too—that Lady Duke had made a sad blunder, and joined herself to the weaker party. Corinna and the Gardiners were certainly likely to be more powerful than Lady Duke, the doctor, and his sister.

Mrs. Gardiner came out of the sick-room with triumph, and, in the drawing-room, met Lady Duke, who was waiting for her audience. That lady noticed this air of success, and was troubled. Already she had misgivings, for the news of the successful Gardiner irruption, the carrying the outworks, and sweeping away of the doctor and his sister, had reached her. The enemy was within the gates.

But a fresh rebuff was in store for her. The doctor came down with a sort of rueful face, with word that Mr. Doughty would not see her now. She knew, by a sort of instinct, that "the other woman" had been poisoning his mind, and saying something to her detriment. The Gardiner party had already scored, and there was consternation in the looks of the other side, as the successful lady tripped away to report her success.

But before night arrived another startling piece of news had got abroad. Birkenshaw, the private solicitor of the Gardiners, had gone up to Mr. Doughty—sent, of course, by "that party"—for the purpose of drawing up his last will and testament, by which, of course, all that he had would be given to those miserable Nagles, with a jackal's slice to those Gardiners, who had helped so effectively to secure the spoil. Here was news, indeed!